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If you still love this planet

by Mike Gordon

Mutated, radioactive sea-life, incurable disease, global poverty, and land rendered uninhabitable for the next 500,000 years — if death is the ultimate security, the arms race is providing humanity with guaranteed protection.

Nuclear Addiction: Dr. Rosalie Bertell speaks on the cost of deterrency is director Terri Nash's newest release, following her Academy Award-winning, controversial film, *If You Love This Planet*. The film is part of the National Film Board's Studio D (women's section) series, *Speaking Our Peace*. It had its world-premiere last Saturday, September 27th at Concordia for *Voice of Women*, a group of Montréal feminists.

Nuclear Addiction profiles Dr. Rosalie Bertell, epidemiologist, Roman Catholic nun, peace activist, an internationally renknowned environmental / health expert.

With a format almost identical to *If You Love This Planet*, Nash juxtaposes Bertell's calm, yet disturbing address to an audience at Mount St. Vincent University in Halifax, with frightening newsreel footage ranging from Hiroshima and Nagasaki victims, to the manufacturing of plutonium warheads.

Since the fateful discovery of atomic energy over 40 years ago, over 1200 nuclear bombs have been detonated on the planet, begins Bertell. "How far does the radiation go when they set off a bomb," she asks.

At first, Bertell says she was told that radiation from a nuclear blast travels half-way around the earth. "Then I found out it goes two and a half times around the planet.

"We've already polluted our own earth to a serious degree," warns Bertell.

Between 600 and 800 underground / water tests have been conducted by France and the U.S., in French Polynesia, the Marshall and Bikini Islands, and Nevada. And, she says, though solid particles are trapped by underground testing, most of the radioactive gases are released into the air.

Bertell says the damage done by below-surface bomb tests is just beginning to become apparent. In underwater tests, the explosions blast apart coral reefs. Dynoflagellate organisms, which grow only on broken coral, are bombarded with radioactivity. As most species of fish rely on these organisms as a food source, radioactivity eventually enters the entire food chain.

"This is only the secondary effect," she says.

Nuclear blasts conducted in the ocean, says Bertell, raise the water temperature to 50,000 °C. As the boiling water circulates through ocean currents, climate changes ranging from flood to drought occur in South America and Southeast Asia.

"This is not to mention damage done to uranium miners," says Bertell. In the U.S., over 1100 workers have died from radiation-caused lung cancer, with 100 similar victims in Canada.

As well, Bertell points out that there is 100 million tons of nuclear waste in Colorado, and close to one million at Elliot Lake, Ontario.

"What is the cost of deterrence," she asks, linking the information she presents into the context of the arms race.

"Only counting cancers, diseases, stillbirths, congenital deformities, and spontaneous abortions, there have been 16 to 17 million deaths since 1946," she says.

"These are the first casualties of

Dr. Rosalie Bretell

World War 3," says Bertell in her book, *No Immediate Danger: Prognosis for a Radioactive Earth.*

"This is the pre-war period. These are the people you don't hear about. These are the women who hold up babies with no arms, legs, or faces, until they die — and then bury them to hide them from their fathers," she says.

Bertell says the world nuclear arsenal has increased from around 100 weapons in 1950, to about 40,000 in 1983.

"I would propose that we are a sick generation, an addicted generation," says Bertell. She draws a simple, yet brilliant analogy between addiction and the nuclear age.

If the breadwinner in a family is addicted to drugs or alcohol, she says, (s)he will go to any length to support her / his habit. As a result, the needs of the rest of the family are subsumed by the addict's increasingly desperate need to keep up their particular supply. The children in the family go without proper clothing, food and medical attention, as the one whom they depend on for the necessities of life squanders away all the money.

Placing the analogy in the global context, we continue to suffer from our own insatiable addicts in the nuclear age. "We are so uptight about our security that we will destroy our very life-support system to protect it," says Bertell.

We are unable to kick this 'nuclear habit' because, she says remorsefully, "We never said we were sorry."

"We never said we were sorry for Hiroshima and Nagasaki, we never said we were sorry for the Bikini (Atolls), and we never said we were sorry for Vietnam. We never backed down and I think it has to begin there," she stressed.

"The military aren't going to do it because they are being paid to protect us with these horrible weapons. The researchers aren't either because they are paid to produce the most destructive weapons possible. And the U.N. thinks it has to be tough," she added.

The only way we can avert ourselves from our present destructive course, says Bertell, is if we accept the idea that, "We do not solve things by war."

She appealed to the need for international cooperation and negotiation, including respect for the International Court of Law, treaties, and the autonomous rights of Native Peoples.

"We have to stop operating out of fear, and activate the best part of our human-ness — the peace, strength, beauty which is at the centre of our hearts and our souls," she concludes.

Nash has made another compelling and informative documentary on an extraordinary woman. Bertell brings across more information, and gives a more moving appeal in 20 minutes than most films can convey in 90.

Although the techniques used are the same, Nash said she didn't plan similarities between her new film and *If You Love This Planet*. "It's different because I didn't start out to make it that way," she said.

Nash said *Nuclear Addiction*, and three other of her new films, were constructed out of footage not used in the *Speaking Our Peace* series. "I wanted to bring out the uniqueness of each of the women involved," she said.

As a result, Nash has produced short, revealing profiles on three other Canadian women: writer Margaret

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John Metcalf: CanLit(un)defined

by Peter O'Brien

John Metcalf has earned a reputation as one of the most cantankerous, cynical, and talented of Canadian fiction writers. Over the years he has been an influential editor and anthologizer; a writer known for flawless style and biting humour; and an essayist infamous for his lambasting of what he understands as silly or dangerous trends in writing and criticism. He also likes to ridicule critics he sees as wrong-headed or naive.

These days, Metcalf is very much in the news. Macmillan has just published his most recent collection of fiction, *Adult Entertainment*, and he has been on the McGill campus twice over the past two weeks — once to push his new book and again this past Monday night as part of the Literary Imagination series.

During his lecture, 'What is a Canadian literature?' Metcalf voiced a variety of concerns. Noting that many people who read his criticism like to refer to him as 'elitist', 'pathological', 'snobbish', and worst of all, an 'Englishman', Metcalf spoke about many of the ideas that informed his collection of essays *Kicking Against the Pricks*. He spoke out against teachers and critics who are still overly concerned with theme, rather than style. He had some nasty things to say about the critic Sam Solecki, although anyone who knows Solecki's work could see the weaknesses in Metcalf's argument — Solecki is neither as naive or as protectionist as Metcalf made him out to be.

Metcalf saved his real anger for the critic Robin Matthews, whom he called, among other things, "dimwitted" and "specious." Metcalf also complained about the lack of audience for Canadian writing, stating that "the voice of colonial literature is sometimes hard to hear, and most people don't want to hear the voice."

He is patient with those attempting to define Canadian literature before it's ready for the definition: "Canadian literature has barely begun. At the moment we can't describe it, can't decide

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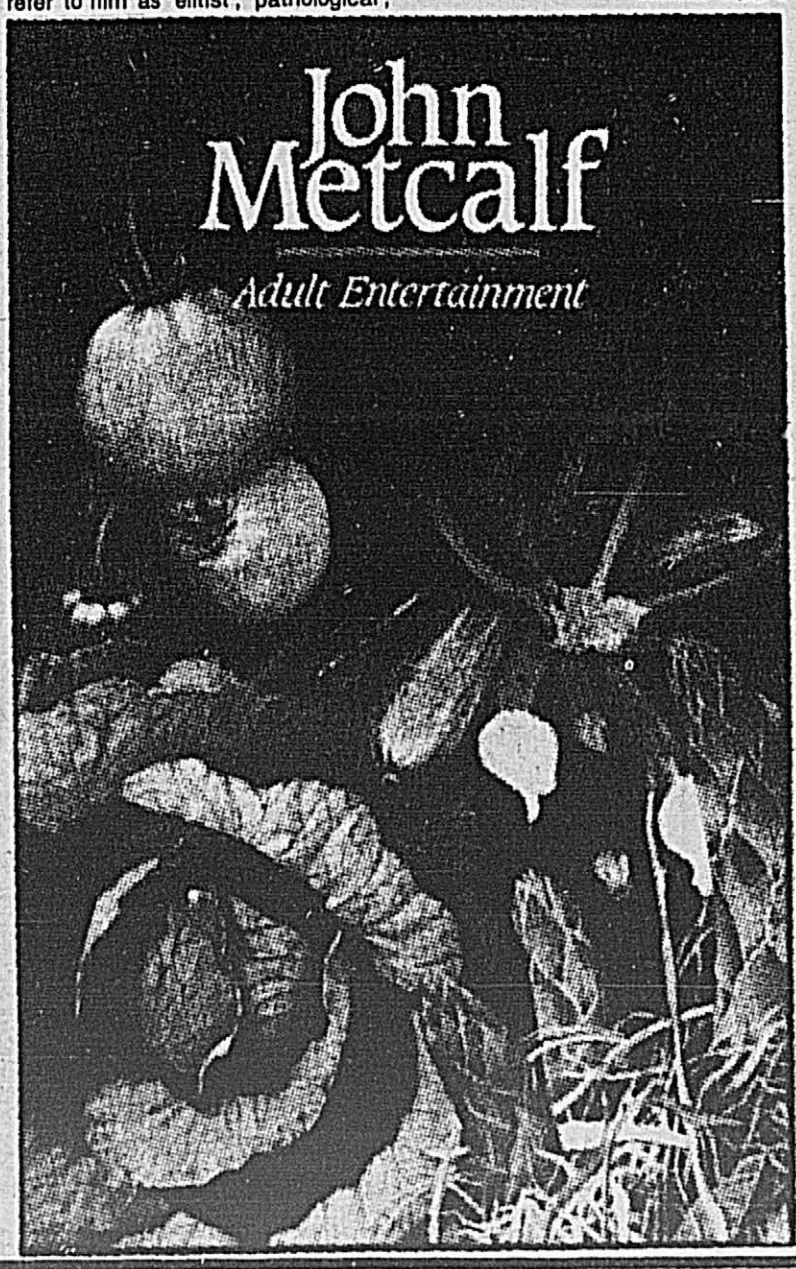

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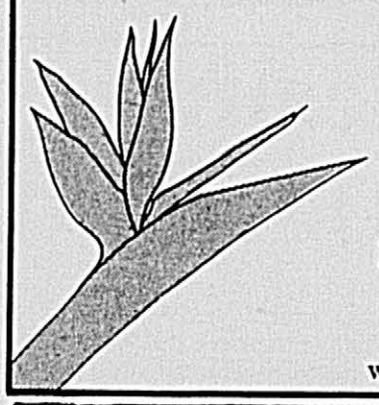

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Tracing Perrault's dreams

by Peter Elam

The director of ***Le Traces du Rêve***, Jean-Daniel Lafond, describes his film as "un essai cinematographique, qui construit son propre univers sur le cinema."

His subject is Pierre Perrault, poet and one of Québec's most prolific filmmakers. Lafond attempts to capture the essence of Perrault's career and his philosophy as a filmmaker. Says Lafond, "C'est que, me semble-t-il, un homme d'une telle sagacité et d'une éloquence aussi intrépide est absolument digne de confiance,". The film mixes 'real' scenes from Perrault's everyday life, with images extracted from Perrault's films and poetry — the same method Perrault employs in his own films.

Perrault is portrayed neither as a filmmaker, nor even as an artist, but as a "chasseur". "Quand je fais un film, je suis à la chasse...Il y a des pistes...et je me laisse inspirer par ces pistes...Au bout, il y a une bete ou il n'y en a pas," he says. He does not make films, he finds them. Hunting is indeed the central theme of one of his films, *La Bete Lumineuse*.

Cinematic fantasy and escapism does not interest Perrault. His stories explore "l'imaginaire du pays, non pas le pays de l'imaginaire" — the "Rêve" of the title involves the joy of things real. He wishes to re-acquaint Québecois with their country. Says Perrault, "les hommes sont depaysés et alors il faut les payser." Lafond demonstrates this by showing scenes from Perrault's film *Pour la Suite du Monde*, set in the Ile aux Coudres. It shows Perrault's belief in the tremendous natural wealth and beauty of Québec, the richness of its language and the harmony existing between its people and the land.

Perrault hunting his movies

Lafond's film contrasts Perrault's way of thinking with the French. The beauty and tranquility of the snow-clad Québec countryside is juxtaposed with the glitz and glamour of a modern French city. Cannes, the city of cinematic self-adoration and topless bathers is derided for it superficiality. Perrault is there to show one of his films in the competition, and it is poorly received. One of the judges admits of "La Bête Lumineuse," the film in question, "La quintessence d'un pays represente tellement Canada que c'est presque impossible pour les Francais de comprendre." A four thousand mile gap in understanding.

"Les Traces du Rêve" is hardly a trailblazer in cinematic technique. The frequent scenes of simple discussion between Perrault and his actors and friends are sometimes a little wearing. Nevertheless, we see some sensitive and at times stunning photography. Lafond maintains a balance between the different themes, without appearing contrived.

The film has a special appeal, painting a highly interesting portrait of Pierre Perrault, avoiding the tedium of a documentary.

Les Traces du Rêve is showing at Cinéma Outremont, along with other Perrault films.

Aghaat

by Julian Samuel

During last month's International Film Festival, several films were screened which will be returning to Montréal in the next few months. The following three merit close attention.

Aghaat by Govind Nihalani dramatizes the issue of a labour-management dispute within a large Indian industrial factory. The film meticulously and dryly moves through every possible bargaining tactic that a recognized union might use in order to represent the workers' demands. Initially, the recognized union, led by an ex-academic (played brilliantly by Om Puri) encounters serious problems when a radical, supposedly more militant union states that it too can manipulate management into giving way for progress.

As the film unwinds, we are shown how nasty the more radical union is. For example, it hassles workers who resist the call to membership, it works secretly with the management, its goons stab the more outspoken workers et al.

The recognized union wants to move slowly, methodically, making gains wherever it can — the other wants to bash down the door. Govind Nihalani portrays the radical union as a pawn in the hands of the South Africa-type management.

The film concludes with a massive riot between the two forces and it is here that some important questions are posed.

What is the political potential of a film such as this? What can the filmmaker hope to acheive with this?

Aghaat, the filmmaker told me, is designed to speak in a language which will address a large audience, but mostly an educated urban middle class. He said that the film would not really be too successful in directly addressing rural peasantry, although it would be difficult to make a precise judgement about how a rural audience would be affected by such a film.

A measure of *Aghaat*'s success will be how deeply it will politicize workers against trashy quick fix solutions — and of course the effects of this film will be hard to forecast... *Aghaat*'s message is that revolution is about methodical, honest political work... not social progress that moves at the orbital speed of a space shuttle.

Working Girls

Working Girls by Lizzie Borden proves without a doubt that the women's movement (and I use the term in the widest sense possible) does have a cutting sense of humour. I was expecting the usual and justifiable attack on patriarchy.

But Lizzie Borden has used actors to play/depict prostitutes as they live out their roles as just another form of human labout... like working in a factory, a radio station, or an office. *Working Girls* moves away from the moral-woman as property arguement into a portrayal which shifts traditional viewing perspectives. We see things from the point of view of the actors being directed to play prostitutes.

But the issue of prostitution is loaded with analytical morality, and of course it is difficult to escape previous interpretations of prostitution, whether it be prostitution ideological or the workings of the flesh. *Working Girls* is a boring and needed look at an exploitation relation.

Pakistanis in the U.K.

by Julian Samuels

My Beautiful Laundrette works with similar political adroitness, subtlety and conviction as Tariq Mehmood's novel *Hand on the Sun* (1983), also a Pakistani-British creation.

My Beautiful Laundrette lives out the complexities of being gay, Pakistani, poor, having a failed Pakistani nationalist as a father, loving an ex-National Fronter, and working for a bigamous Pakistani who says, when he is having his lackey toss out a black man squatting in his apartment block, "But we are professional businessmen, not professional Pakistani.There is no race question in the new enterprise culture."

The story is mundane, even boring, by comparison to the super racist *Delta Force* or the chilling *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*.

A good old lefty film about a similar series of relationships would, without doubt, have portrayed the "multicultural", "visible minorities", "house nigger" characters as victims or as anti-racist saints or community social workers, or all three.

Working with the cinematic institution of social realism, the film says that there are political prostitutes on any side: Black (ie Buthulezi), White (ie Joe Clark), or Brown (ie Rajiv Gandhi) et al. Pakistani landlordism in London is as criminal as Welsh landlordism in Cardiff or Catholic landlordism in County Tyrone.

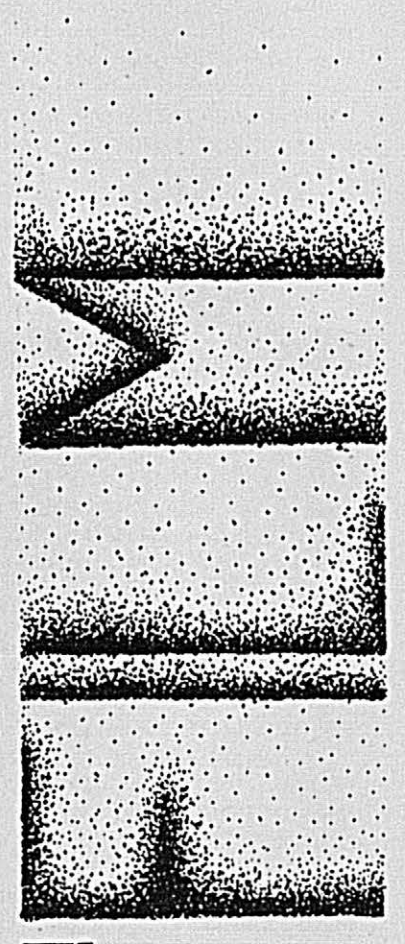
Hanif Kureish avoids the usual simple reproductions of immigrant as victim, boldly laying bare what refined thinkers may call "structural problems": that landlordism is a pan-racial method for capital accumulation. The hero, Omar, ought to have been straight. But he wasn't. Instead, his lover is a television by-product of the Thatcherite regime.

The daughter, Tania, ought to have married Omar, but didn't. Instead, she slips out of the noose of the tribal-feudal marriage system and leaves home.

If this Hanif Kureshi/Stephen Frears collaboration proves that partially state-funded 'British' film and literary culture can survive there, than why can't it be done here? There are enough of us here to make the same arrangement work.

The answer is simple: immature filmmakers and scripwriters are not defended by critics and educators. They are undermined by these cultural institutions who see creativity as a political risk.
Filmmakers and writers must combine forces to squeeze research and production money out of non-risk-taking, public funded, mind candy machines like the C.B.C. and the N.F.B.

If these institutions and critics fail to defend and fund filmmakers and writers, rest assured that we will never catch up to film production in the U.K.



The American Way

This British film is totally reminiscent of Stanley Kubrick's ***Doctor Strange Love*** — one leaves the cinema with the feeling that Phillips is paying homage to this crucially important work with a lesser one — a much lesser one.

The American Way is film which tries to work as a experience/expression of a cult classic much the same way as the *Rocky Horror Picture Show* except that the Phillips master piece harbours political pretensions — it thinks of itself as containing a political understanding of the nefarious role of the media/state. And of course it does contain an understanding, but a shallow and inconsequential one, that makes one doubt the film's didactic potential, and about media intervention generally as a significant means to bring about anything, let alone political change.

The film's narrative is about a group of reckless and inane hippies in an old and always airborne B29 who run a pirate T.V. station, occasionally jabbing their own countermedia interventins into the soft underbelly of the media/state networks.

This makes for a lot of laughs, especially when the marginally successful techno-hippies derail a presidential candidates' media election campaign by exposing her as a man. This procedure fufills the principal requisite of a cult classic.

Maurice Phillips' work talks to '60's politicals directly with powerful desent instigating imagery from T.V. coverage of the Vietnam war to direct rip offs from *Dr. Strangelove*. Kubrick's work will stand the historical test by not fading into boring cinema silliness. *The American Way* will. Despite the faint illusion that its cinematic heart is in the right bomb.

D.O.A. loud yet not heard

by Joe Heath

Vancouver-based **D.O.A.** are widely recognized as one of the best hardcore bands in the world. Nevertheless, most Canadians have never heard of them.

The reason their music isn't widely publicized or accepted is two-fold. Firstly, they play loud, aggressively, and fast. The second reason is more important — they maintain a firm political stance in opposition to tyranny and exploitation wherever they find it.

This position, which includes support for the Vancouver 5, leads many to perceive them as revolutionaries. This inhibits both their acceptance of and their willingness to be accepted by the mainstream market.

D.O.A. played Montréal last Sunday, to an enthusiastic crowd at Les Foufounes Electriques. Veterans of the hardcore scene, they ripped through old favorites such as *Class War, Race Riot, I Hate You, War*, as well as a buzzsaw cover of *Singing in the Rain*. The show, which lasted over an hour, finished with three encores, including the song which launched their musical careers in 1979, *Disco Sucks*.

Their final song, *Beer Barrel Polka* ended with them giving away beer to the audience, instructing everyone to pass it around. D.O.A. come across like a bunch of frat boys who have just discovered anarchism.

They've just emerged from some line-up changes. The old drummer, Dimwit, has been dropped for John Card, formerly with Edmonton-based S.N.F.U. Card seems to have more spark than Dimwit. The new material they played is a return to the harder, faster sound that characterized D.O.A. in the early 80's.

Before the show, *The Daily* spoke to Joey "Shithead" Keighley, vocalist, guitarist, and principle songwriter of D.O.A.

"We just finished our new album," said Keighley, "just before we left on this tour. So about two weeks ago we put in an order. The working title right now is *True Strong and Free*. And we just signed a long-term contract with Profile Records in New York, that's what its going to come out on in the United States. We're not sure about Canada... but it'll come out a lot quicker up here than the last couple, so it shouldn't be selling at import prices, it should be your standard six, seven, or eight bucks."

According to Keighley, the new album should be available in Canada in late November or December, although he cautioned, "maybe January, because all the pressing plants get bogged down at Christmas pressing Bryan Adams and Corey Hart, because that's what the public wants."

D.O.A. recently released a 7" EP entitled *Expo Hurts Everyone*, with three other Canadian artists, The Stu Leal Band, Mecca Normal, and Montréal's own Rhythm Activism. Keighley explained, "From the time of the idea until it actually got into the stores it took eight days, it was really quick... We made 1200 and just got all our friends to stuff the records. We ended up raising $600 for the Downtown East Side Residents Association (DESRA) which obviously isn't a huge amout of money that's going to save the world or anything, but it was timely, and it brought the issues in focus.

"Some of our songs focus on local events. Specifically the three 'crisis singles' — *Right to be Wild* (in support of the Vancouver five), *General Strike*, and *Expo* have a local focus.

A lot of our writing involves a more internationalist point of view. We're looking at things in a more general way, more global — larger than just local B.C."

Controversy arose this summer in Vancouver when D.O.A. were invited to play in the Independant Music Festival held on the Expo site. Keighley explained, "We were going to play, and donate the money to the Haida Indians, or to DESRA. We debated it back and forth, and decided that it wasn't too cool to play four square miles of MacDonalds plasticland.

"On October 16th," said Keighley, "we're doing this *Rock for Brains* show. It's an attack on the social credit policy of bankrupting the education system in B.C.

"It's been a tradition throughout Western civilisation that university should be a breeding ground for liberalization — to try and set society straight, to have ideals involved rather than just churning out chips for society's mass computer. I think everybody at university is mostly concerned with worrying about themselves and getting the most cushy jobs rather than really trying to learn something and stir up some shit."

Keighley does admit, "I went to university for a half year, but by the time I got there it was just an overgrown highschool. So I quit and started playing music."

Meanwhile, D.O.A. are taking a stronger stand on issues within the hardcore 'scene.' Hardcore is usually accompanied by a heftly thrash pit, which lately has been resulting in a few big asshole guys smashing everybody in reach.

At the D.O.A. show, leaflets were all over the club, stating the band's position towards the 'pit', "It is not for the strong to smash the weak, the big to muscle the little, or men to mash women... Everyone should be able to participate. Together we can create and expand the bounds of freedom." This exemplifies the positive energy this band attempts to generate.

Watch for them in the future, watch for the album. They deserve some attention.

If DOA played in a forest and no-one was there-would they still be loud?

TSOL play Les Foufounes

Liberty's true sou

by Thia Fuller and Mike Gordon

They played. They were good.

If Jerry Falwell ever knew four aging kids from California would take his Sounds of Liberty Choir and start up a rock 'n' roll, stomp 'n' romp band that's been trucking it around from LA to the East Coast for year now, he'd have packed up and gone to Disneyworld. They may look like a combination of Ozzy Osbourne and the Beach Boys (heavy metal surf?) but they put out. And how. With three guitars and a rabid drummer they manage everything from blues to rock to hardcore — usually all in one song.

True Sounds Of Liberty (TSOL) has been changing their image in the last few years from hardcore towards more rock 'n' roll and blues — they didn't like the number of skinheads that were showing up at their gigs — and when they changed lead singers three years ago they thought it would be dishonest to have him singing someone else's songs. The shift has meant smaller audiences and less money, but TSOL is doing what they want to do. They try out new music all the time — on the road, off the road and during sound checks. During one show, too many guitar strings broke so they started some finger-drumming which went over so well they tried it at their next gig.

TSOL refuses to get political in their music. Their idea of the 'true' sounds of liberty is to "blitz you with fun" in the words of Mitch Dean, the band's new drummer. He calls their music "young, aggressive, decadent rock 'n' roll...I'm not out to preach. If I was, I'd be a politician." But the four guys who look like big dumb Californians are far from it. We caught them upstairs at Les Foufounes wringing gallons (litres) of sweat out of their T-shirts after the s grins and tired-out the bands that TS times with the D reports about the ("they're not nice' where TSOL was the Cult decided made TSOL play fi)

They've been c cramped van, pla ting lost in city southern states, th

Compared to Tou dred polite listen nine hundred, Mo reception. People ping and having a

TSOL may had find Les Foufoune nasty goings-on c the decadence on not have been su were in, but when were there to play

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Hers, hers and

by Elizabeth O'Grady

Je Tu Elle, an exhibition of art by Janice Gurney, Elizabeth MacKenzie, and Arlene Stamp, would make more sense credited to Janice-Arlene-Elizabeth Stamp-MacKenzie-Gurney. Each builds on artwork from the others to create a new piece. Through their work, they appropriate each other's ideas and question their separate identities.

Such re-appropriation is evident in Janice Gurney's work *Pictures, Stories*. The piece is a small patchwork of photographs and gray human silhouettes on a white background, created by Elizabeth MacKenzie and including representations of some of her earlier works. She was about to throw them away when Janice Gurney asked to have them. Gurney then arranged MacKenzie's separate photograp the present patchw was strange to recuperated her ow Simply by arranging Gurney created her

"Or did she?" as the creator of this w Marcel Duchamp as street such as bottle art just because so 'Found Object' of hibited only one of that one upside-d work of art? Or if sh MacKenzie had reje together in a patch considered hers or

The point is carr

DAILY PHOTO — THIA FULLER

Coffee-free café

by Natasha Palraudeau

Students sneaking into Morrice Hall on a Tuesday evening in search of a perky cup of java are going to be disappointed, but not for long. Although Tuesday Night Café is less than a café, it's got a lot brewing , and is fuelled by more than caffeine.

Tuesday Night Café is a student theatre organization sponsored by the McGill Drama Department. According to its director Anne McDougall, it is "an informal forum for students to experiment in the various practical applications of theatre." Further, it is "somewhere where you can fall flat on your face, and no one will mind." In a field where there are few second chances, these are encouraging words.

TNC presents a series of productions throughout the year, ranging from one-act plays to poetry readings. As a learning centre for theatre arts and crafts, they sponsor lectures, workshops, and demonstrations from visiting artists. This initiates contact with local amateur, educational, and professional theatres.

Plans for this year include lunch time theatre: short, one-act plays intended to provide a training ground for actors, technicians, and first time directors, as well as involving students with limited time.

A Stage Management workshop, conducted by Anne Clarke of Centaur Theatre Workshop, will take place October 14, at 17h00 in the Morrice Hall Theatre.

TNC's present endeavor is the Jules Feiffer play *Hold Me*. Directed by Claudine Dominigue, it is a witty, Freudian soap-opera, covering an incredible spectrum of neuroses in the space of an hour. It is made up of brief skits, tied together to reveal the characters' 'true colours' during the discourse of their personal problems. It may sound pedantic, but the play rises to a level of ridicule, and casts a comic light on the fickleness of lonely humanity.

The strength of performances allows the set to come to life; of special note are John Ulyatt's soliliquies to his animated 'lonely machine'...

Hold Me runs from October 8-11, in Morrice Hall Theatre. Doors open at 10h00, tickets $3 students and seniors, $4 adults.

TNC is constantly in search of prospective actors, directors, producers, and anyone wanting to get involved. They also accept proposals for scripts; if you have any ideas simply submit a proposal to the TNC office, located in Morrice Hall, room 27.

DAILY PHOTO — THIA FULLER

Judy Radul: 'Ultimate' poetess.

Poetry issues an Ultimatum

by Thia Fuller

Get ready to squeeze yet another 'cultural event' into your already busy schedule. **Ultimatum**, a show sponsored by the magazine l'Oeuil Rechargeable and organized by Montréaler Alan Lord, will be bringing in artists from Montréal and elsewhere to amuse and confuse audiences at les Foufounes Electriques. Acts range from poetry to performance pieces to the (un)usual band music.

Ultimatum got started as a 5-day art festival held in May of this year at les Foufounes, which brought in over 100 poets and musicians. The best music of the festival is recorded for posterity on an album called (surprise!) 'Ultimatum'. The show will occur every Tuesday night until November 25th. The performances are being videotaped to make a video library for a second festival planned for next September. (Let's hope they edit out the parts where the cameraman got tripped up by a thrasher.)

This Tuesday's show began with a wild poetess from Vancouver and progressed through a slightly pretentious poetry-performance and two bands: psychotic acid something-or-other and fast, good ol' boy rock 'n' roll. The only bits that should have been cut out were the announcer's — he seemed to think he was one of the acts. He was too loud and offensive to anyone who still had a mind by ten o'clock.

The best act by far (if you can really compare these four) was **Judy Radul**, who launched the whole evening with a set of hard-hitting and unpretentiously personal poems. On stage she comes across as half-poet, half-preacher, with a great sense of timing and a voice that straight-talks, sings, screams and growls. She gets her message across with a mixture of seriousness and humour. One of her more quotable passages —but not necessarily a representative one:

you can call me mary, you can call me joan
you can call me alice, you can call me on the phone
but don't call me c-c-c-c-c-cunt
what is it about that word I hear
hateful breath broken teeth
vehement anti-effigy iconophobic energy

(and later, my favorite line)

might make you feel whole to call me hollow

Unfortunately, Judy couldn't stay on the stage all night so she was succeeded by **Out Out Damned Spot**, which combined music, costumes, dance and lyrics for four very different pieces of the death and depression variety. The first piece was a terribly pretentious bit of not-very-tight-bass-sounds with some good dancing but too much woe-is-the-world monotone Jim Morrison-type poetry. Though they didn't get much cheerier, they made better music — and the pieces were more powerful as a result.

Psychotic Aries was up next: a good drummer, a Barbie Doll bassist and a lead singer/guitarist (Rick Wild from Wild Touch) who must have inspired the name. I'm sure he was there somewhere under the hair, makeup, black rags and chains. The music was fast, tight, and ear-bending, with a lot of screaming into the mike and some banging on a steel pipe xylophone. Wild broke two strings and his shoulder strap and had to borrow a guitar, but it was all very enjoyable — if that's the right word.

The last act was the **Whooping Cranes** from New York who played a set of good, basic, fast rock to end the evening — though by this time all ears were ringing and most of the audience had retreated to the bar or gone home. They weren't wearing black, either, which may have prejudiced the crowd against them. . . .

Next Tuesday Ultimatum is bringing two performance groups to the Foufoune stage: **Sensitive Organs** with **Vava Voi** and **Zilon**, and **Forbidden Fame** with **Joy Lou G.** and **David Steeves**.

Come find out who these people are- I have no idea. Still, for three dollars Ultimatum is a lot of show. Judging from this Tuesday, it promises to be at least interesting.

nds?

how, and it was all affable
faces. Dean talked about
OL has played with: great
amned, but less glowing
Screaming Blue Messiahs
') and the Cult (at a concert
supposed to play second
they didn't like them and
irst with no sound check. . .

on tour for six weeks in a
ying blues tapes and get-
streets all through the
he east coast, and Canada.
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ontréal gave them a good
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grand ol' time.
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n Ste. Catherine ("love all
this street"), and they may
re exactly which city they
they got up on stage they
good music.
d for TSOL and as usual
nd tight. They're starting to
fferent — what about that
shirt the lead singer was
of things to come?) Except
front who seemed to be on
s of coffee than the rest of
saving their energy for the
ut the Nils looked happy.
spot — those Converse
out of hand. Five pairs on
(pastel colors no less!) and
more in the audience, in-
r reporters. Are we keeping
at at Foufounes alone?

hers

phs and silhouettes into
work. For MacKenzie, it
see how Gurney had
n work and made it talk.
g another person's work,
own work of art.
k the artists. Who is really
ork? Earlier this century,
sked whether junk off the
racks can be considered
meone exhibits them as a
art? If Gurney had ex-
MacKenzie's works, and
own, would that be her
e had just exhibited what
cted, without arranging it
work, should the work be
MacKenzie's?
ied further in works such as *Image/Texte*, where Janice Gurney makes a cibachrome photograph of a painting by Arlene Stamp. In the work *Entre Deux*, Arlene Stamp has done a self-portrait on plexiglass, taken from a previous self-portrait. Behind the plexiglass, on the wall, is another portrait of Stamp, created by Elizabeth MacKenzie.

Their theme of the blurring of the lines of an individual's creation forms part of the work *Materia*. It is a giant wall self-portrait by Elizabeth MacKenzie, daubed over in white by Janice Gurney, and over this is superimposed a quote from M. Duras' 'L'Amant': 'Suddenly I see myself as another, as another would be seen, outside myself, available to all eyes, circulation for cities, journeys, desires."

Je Tu Elle use a variety of media in the small exhibition. Unfortunately, the physical artwork, considered separately from the themes, was uninteresting for the most part. A wall-size piece entitled *Je Tu Elle* featured a montage of self-portraits of the three, and I was told that it was done in a complicated way involving slides, cameras and mirrors. The use of these devices could have produced something far more interesting than the end product of three pale and timid-looking sketches on the wall.

After viewing the constant criss-crossing of ideas, one realizes that no artist works without reference to others' creativity. This line of thought leads back to the spectator, and what he/she ends up with from *Je tu Elle* is a questioning of the origin of his/her own thoughts and identity.

comment

Four Horsemen of the apocalypse

by Stroh Purdy

"Well I picked up my belongings in a Nylon carry-all,
I hear the porter call,
He says the sky's the limit on this chartered trip away
I guess I'd better stay"

-Hüsker Dü

Assimilation

I could feel my hands starting to shake, and my heart was beating faster. My mind was starting to ooze down through my shoulders and into a crevace near my heart.

The sky above was darkening, turning from robin's egg blue into a crisp reddish brown. It looked like packaging paper which could be easily torn down to reveal something interesting above. I decided not to. The buildings along the street were starting to breathe rythmically, and talk in between themselves about their daily routines.

The escape was glorious, but things were getting too weird, so I gathered together what I could find of myself, and went home. Drugs were too incoherent anyway.

"The barbituate addict presents a shocking spectacle. He cannot coordinate, he staggers, falls off bar stools, goes to sleep in the middle of sentences, food drops out of his mouth. He is confused, quarrelsome and stupid."

-William Burroughs

Memory

My room-mate, looking up from his books, smiled evenly and asked if I had been "in search of poetic truth again". Grumbling some expletives about how wrong he was, I went and sat down in front of the TV, just in time for 60 Minutes.

Uh, Oh. Yet another special on Crack, Coke, Heroin, Dried Banana Skins and Aspirin abuse in North America...

Why are people so concerned with what others put up their noses? Why be so worried if someone else is having a good time? It is so nice to escape into insane incoherence from the insanely coherent world around us.

Cocaine use is no more detrimental than alcohol use. Cocaine abuse is just as detrimental as alcohol abuse. Even if a cocaine or heroin addiction destroys the body faster than an alcohol addiction, the specific drug is not the problem. **Why** one needs the escape is.

Time magazine should devote their covers to the social problems causing destructive addiction, like poverty, and not sensationalize heroin addiction in itself. *Time* is quick to draw a connection between the oppressive government in the Soviet Union and alcohol abuse amongst its population. Why can't it see the same pattern in its own society? No one abuses drugs without a reason.

"I say- the future is a serious matter-
And so — for God's sake — hock and soda water!"

-Lord Byron (hock is wine)

Is there such a thing as good abuse? Jean Cocteau used heroin to release his creative spirit. Then again that might be a ruse to justify a bad addiction.

No matter what the reason, a few beers with the buddies never hurt any one. They only bring out personal problems and insecurities instead of creating them.

"In the mean time, he drank Madeira, and laid deep schemes for a thorough repair of the crazy fabric of human nature."

-Thomas Peacock

letters

To the Daily:

The editing of Gary Laws' letter (86/10/06) showed a lack of professionalism on your part. The insertion of *sic* after a misspelled word is the perogative of a scholar quoting a text, not that of an editor publishing a letter from a reader. The author of a scholarly work will use *sic* to indicate that the text quoted contains misspelled words, poor grammar, difficult syntax or the like. Your use of sic indicated that you disliked Gary Laws' viewpoint and that you hoped to make him appear illiterate and therefore unreasoning in the text of his letter. A professional editor would have corrected the minor mistakes.

At issue here is not the view expressed in the letter but the individual's freedom to challenge the views expressed in your paper and the reputation of the Daily. Both were damaged by your immature use of three small letters.

W.J. Morton
STM U1

To the Daily:

The issue over a tuition increase is getting a little monotonous. Everyone keeps stressing the importance of universal accesiblity to a university education. I don't think anyone would ever argue agianst this universal right. The REAL issue is the fact that our university is going broke. How can anyone expect a decent quality of education with fees frozen indefinitely? While students in the Arts Faculty see evidence of dwindling funds in overcrowding of their classrooms, engineering students are hit much harder. Our laboratories are outfitted with obsolete equipment, some of it being more than 20 years old/Our library is understocked and the hours have been cut back relative to last year. Some of the classrooms are in shambles. Overcrowding is so bad that there are two professors who don't even have offices. In short, McGill needs more money.!

I do not support a tuition increase if it is not accompanied by a concurrent increase in financial aid. The controversial brief drawn up by Students' Society outlines conditions for this. Why then do so many people oppose it? It seems to me that their fears are unwarranted. The idealistic attitude that raising more money is inherently evil is going to be our demise. Instead of being so quick to criticize Ian Brodie, maybe these people should read the brief and state exactly what they are opposed to and they better offer alternative ways to ensure that the quality of education is restored at McGill. Otherwise, we are faced with the grim decision between a university in ruins or one with an elite student body. I fear that one day no one will even care about accessible education at McGil because this school won't be worth the concern.

Bob Moses
U3 Elect. Eng.

To the Daily:

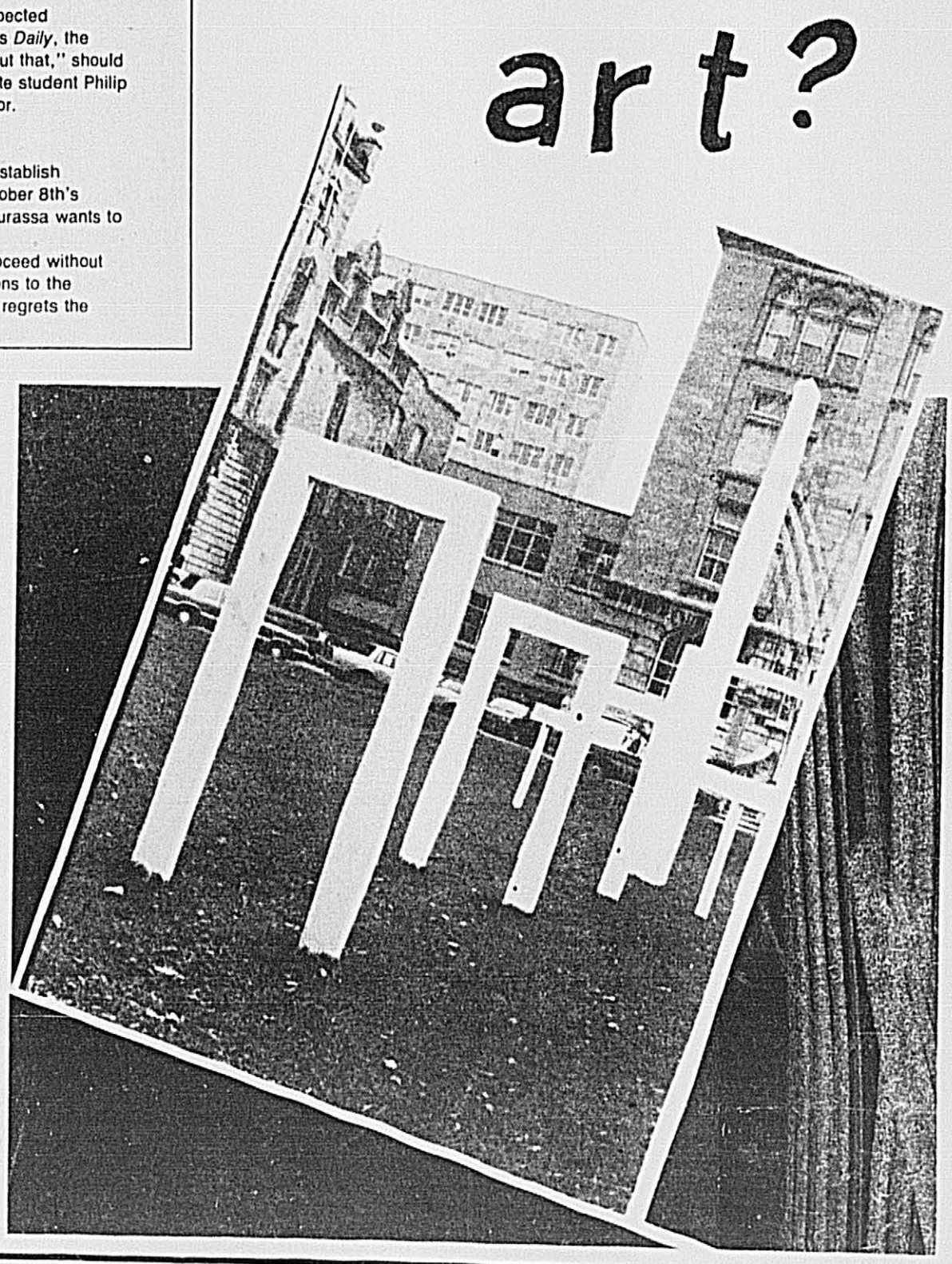
I wonder why no one told The Network that reggae doesn't come from Africa, that ever-so trendy cause of the newly-informed, but from Jamaica? Maybe it was because the sihouette of the band wouldn't fit on a map of Jamaica.

Phylis Stein
U2 **Anthropology**

Errata

In the article "McGill loses respected anthropologist" in October 8th's *Daily*, the quote, "I really don't know about that," should have been attributed to graduate student Philip Ross. *The Daily* regrets the error.

The artitcle "New Democrats establish themselves in Quebec," in October 8th's edition, should have read, "Bourassa wants to procure a 'droit de veto..."
Also, "Bourassa should not proceed without submitting his general resolutions to the public." Once again, *The Daily* regrets the error.



the mcgill daily

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372 — LOST & FOUND

FOUND — man's watch in library. Call to claim. Gary - 842-0605.

374 — PERSONAL

Desperately seeking Shelagh Renalli! Drop by 456 Pine, Apt. 307. Thanks John P.S. Marnie sent me.

"Hold me!" If you really loved me, you'd find me in Morrice Hall. October 8-11 at 8:00 pm. For more information call 392-4637.

Attention *alpha, omicron, pi* please call Margie at 845-8304.

What is...? When is...? Where is...? Try McGill Nightline for information. 392-8234 Mon. - Fri. 9 pm to 3 am.

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385 — NOTICES

Celebrate! It's be kind to John Rogers week. Drop by and give him a hug, encouragement or just a smile — he's a *really* nice, appreciate guy! (3rd floor McConnell).

Hockey. Goalie needed for Intramural 'A' ice hockey team. Willis 935-7899.

Hold me! in Morrice Hall from October 8-11 at 8:00 pm. Call 392-4637 for more information.

'Dialogue on Ideas' rides again, an unbridled student discussion group. Friday, October 10, 3 pm, Leacock 308. Topic: *Imagine a Student Manifesto.*

Tired of finding broken, empty or non-existant tampon machines in washrooms? The Women's Union (Union 423) now stocks *free* "feminie hygiene products." Drop by anytime!

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Undergraduate Library Use Survey: draw for $50 prize. 10h00 in Redpath lobby. Return completed questionnaire to any campus library or Sadie's University Centre.

Liberal McGill: Delegate elections at 16h30 in Union 107. More info phone 281-6265.

Mayoral Candidate **Jean Doré** will speak at Concordia's Hall Building, 1455 de Maisonneuve West, room H110, at 19h00. More info: 848-8604.

PC McGill/Liberal McGill Debate: "BIRT The government has kept its major election promise" Union 302 at 12h30. More info: 286-0420.

Toronto Poet Jones will read from his work, *The Brave Never Write Poetry*. At Café Commun(e), 201 Milton, 20h30. Free Admission. More info: 845-4441.

Assert Yourself Assertiveness training sessions, 11h00 to 12h30, Powell Building, Rm. 301. For more info: 392-5119.

Theatre Shmeatre present "Bum Life, a Cabaret Musical" at La Boheme. Admission $4.00, $3.00 students, seniors and unemployed. More info: 271-9434.

Arab Students' Ass'n and Palestinian Solidarity Cte. important meeting — elections. Union 410 at 18h00. More info: 284-9501.

Hillel Walk for Peace. Guest: Adele Kushner. 3460 Stanley at 13h00.

Central America Group General Meeting, Union 410 at 16h30.

Religious Studies Lecture: Prof. Jean Georges Heintz, Université de Strasbourg, on Mimesis: "The Relationship between the Ancient Near Eastern Iconography and the Figurative Language of the Old Testament." Birks Building, rm 111, 12h00. More info: 392-4826.

Anthropology: McGill Prof. John G. Galaty will speak on: "Three calabashes and the white dance Maasai politics, ritual and rhetorical force." 16h30 to 1800 in Leacock 738.

..Metcalf

continued from page one

on a canon." According to Metcalf, the answer to the question "What is a Canadian Literature?" is: we just don't know yet, and we shouldn't pretend to know yet. What is interesting about this theory is that Metcalf has systematically attempted the very definition he is denying. It is Metcalf who has been attempting to define Canadian literature through his various anthologies and editing projects. It is Metcalf who has been the most angry with what he sees as wrong-headed definitions, and in his response to such statements has tried to define the canon.

What is evident throughout his essays, and at his lecture, is that Metcalf is one of the most energetic of writers. He is also one of the most subjective and opinionated of critics. Sometimes his opinions hit the mark and do help to reassess that elusive beast known as CanLit. Sometimes they are only temperamental, angry musings that lose impact because of the dogmatism they imply, the same sort of dogmatism for which he condemns those he doesn't agree with.

The stories in his recent collection do not suffer quite so much from these weaknesses. Metcalf is rightly known as one of the few masters of the novella in Canada. In the opening story, 'Polly Ongle', Metcalf follows the misadventures of a middle-aged man, Paul Denton, as he tries to cope with his son's "appearance, manners, attitudes, reflex hostility, hobbies and habits." He's also wondering what happened to the time when art meant something more profound, and to the time when sex was less of a daily chore.

The three shorter stories that compose the middle section of the book help to further prove the point that Metcalf is a craftsman of the first order, who has a perfect ear for dialogue and a wicked sense of humour. The last piece in the book, 'Travelling Northward' relays a few days in the life of Robert Forde, another middle-aged man partly confused and partly angry about the state of the modern world. He heads to the town of North Portage to give a reading, where he meets a tragic set of aspiring writers, dilettantes, and other people leading lives of quiet desperation. Here is Forde just after having given his reading:

> *As he was squaring the sheets of manuscript, Martin Prunes rose to offer oddly formal thanks; he was sure that they would all wish to join him in expressing, etc. Sundry announcements followed: coffee; copies of the latest issue of 'Orca' available at a discount; the fast-approaching registration deadline for the Poetry North Workshop...*
> *Forde accepted from a middle-aged lady in a bowling jacket and high heels a Styrofoam cup and a stir-stick.*
> *"I just want to thank you," she said, "for a very enjoyable presentation."*

This sort of insular tension is a constant in Metcalf's stories, a tension often accompanied by sardonic humour and ominous intonations.

In his lecture, Metcalf spoke about "CanLit's dim little world." In his essays he tends to only encourage the dimness. In his stories he is able to illuminate and sometimes dispel this dimness.

...Bretell

continued from page one

Laurence; former Ottawa mayor, Marion Dewar; and peace activist Ursula Franklin.

She contrasts Bertell's image with the dynamism of Dr. Helen Caldicott. who was featured in *If You Love This Planet*: "She (Bertell) doesn't have the same emotional punch as Helen. But then, Rosalie's approach to her work is much different.

"Rosalie is very shy. She has no vested interest in this world, no glory, no fame — it almost goes against her nature," she said.

Nash said Bertell started out researching Leukemia, and the effects of radioactivity on aging, and that it was from there that she began her present work as an activist. She is also "very dedicated" to her work with Micronesians exposed to radiation from nuclear tests, said Nash.

Though *If You Love This Planet* received an Academy Award, it was released with a disclaimer from the U.S. department of Justice as being "foreign propaganda." Asked if a similar situation could arise with *Nuclear Addiction*, Nash responded, "I don't know."

She said the case with her other film is presently "under litigation." "At first," she said, "a California court overruled the decision, but the Justice Department appealed it. On his last day in the Washington Court of Appeals, before being appointed by Reagan to the Supreme Court, (Judge) Scalia upheld the appeal.

"And now it is going to be heard in 1987 in the Supreme Court, where Scalia now sits," she said.

According to Nash, not only did Scalia work for the government prior to his appointment but, she says, "*Newsweek* and *Time* described him as the 'star' of the Justice Department."

"It's just a *little* bit biased," she mused ironically, adding, "It doesn't leave me with much confidence because the case is being held in the Supreme Court which, with appointments like this, is becoming increasingly conservative."

Regarding her new release, Nash said, "If the appeal is upheld, then I think we're in trouble.

"The whole question of national security has nothing to do with national security. It has to do with corporate interests — it's terrifying," she said.

Facing a planet poisoned by the lethal material needed for the 'nuclear fix,' and the censorship, death threats, conflicts-of-interest and cover-ups committed by those threatened by its cut-off, *Nuclear Addiction* may bring us one step closer to re-defining 'national security.'

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